

REV. WM. BOOTH, General.

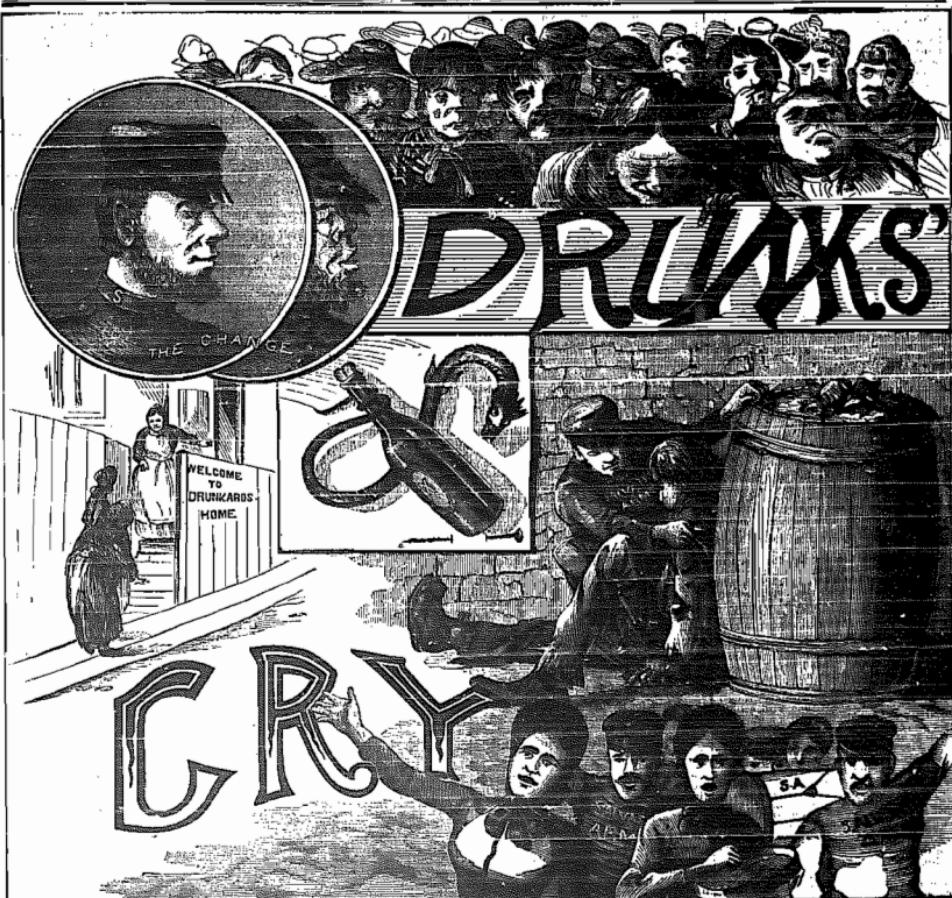
T. H. ADAMS, Commissioner.

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Drink! Cursed, damnable drink! What wretchedness and sorrow it has brought to the victims of its curse! It has torn the hearts of the thousands, nay, millions of drink-bound slaves, who struggle and wrestle with the vile grim monster. It has torn the hearts of the slaves who have given up every scrap and vestige of humanity out of the heart and liver of those who are bound by this habit. It fills our prisons, it pollutes our streets, it breeds wretchedness and sin of every sort and kind, and has, directly or indirectly, carried to the gallows men and women who have been led, through the power of drink, humanity around them. Oh, the millions of dollars spent annually upon this cursed liquor. Drink! Drink!! Drink!!!

Courrades, we draw your attention to the front page of the above-mentioned paper. See what a wretched, awful condition these beings are in. They have the appearance of devils rather than men and women made in the image and likeness of God. They are not able to stir one's soul, but the reality is far, far worse.

Next, your home, on the public streets, saloons abound in endless numbers. Saloons stand on almost every street corner. They are trap doors to hell. Night after night and day after day, the doors of these places are open to catch the poor, deluded drink-slaves.

The business man frequents them, the

farmer patronises the saloon-keeper, the boy supports his hard-earned wages with the bar. The giddy, careless young man wills away his precious time with the fatal glass in his hand. The harlot haunts the lower rank of society. Old and young, rich and poor meet together in these places, all hurrying on to their doom.

This issue of the Cry is especially devoted to the question of drink. See how those who have been saved from this awful curse, this terrible and successful agency of the devil to delude and damn souls.

We, the Salvation Army, have seen and do see the great evils arising from the indulgence of liquor. Hence this attempt to bring it forcibly before every Canadian.

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officer, soldier, friend and foe, "Total extirpation of sin and drink" is what we aim at. No moderation with us. Just as in the above cut, the dear officer is knelling by the side of the poor drunk, holding a bottle of beer. One has delivered from the power of drink and taken away from any man or woman the very desire, so we do. The Army go to drunks, sinners, rebels, prostitutes, and all others, sinners every color and kind, and tell them that the only remedy for them is the Salvation of Jesus. No good resolutions will avail. Unpaid debts, no home, no money, no friends, but a distinct turning of their backs upon drink and sin of every kind will do them any good.

